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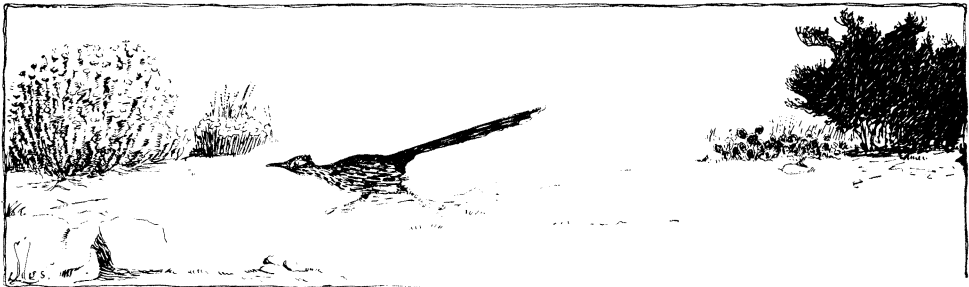
northermost occurrence of the species anywhere in the United States. The three actual northermost stations, all in Shasta County, are: Igo (Belding, Land Bds. Pac. Dist., 1890, p. 56), Fort Reading (Newberry, Pac. R. R. Rep. VI, 1857, p. 91), and Copper City, ten miles up Pitt River (Townsend, Proc. U. S. N. M. X, 1887, p. 204).

It seems that the low-lying, and often swampy central portions of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys are not inhabited by the roadrunner; at least I cannot find any records for that region. East of the Sierras the species occurs north in the Owens Valley to Big Pine (Van Denburgh, Proc. Ac. Nat. Sc. Phila., April 1898, p. 209).

I am quite sure that the roadrunner does not now occur on any of the islands off the California Coast. Cooper recorded it from Santa Catalina Island (Proc. Cal. Ac. Sc. IV, Feb. 1870, p. 77); but neither myself nor any of the other late visitors that I know of have found it there.

The roadrunner in its distribution seems to follow very closely the limits of the Upper and Lower Sonoran Zones (see map of "Isothermic Areas" in Pac. Coast Avif. No. 3), especially in their arid and semiarid portions. I have found it in the San Bernardino Mountains up to above 6000 feet altitude, but this was on hot slopes where the Upper Sonoran Zone, as indicated by the flora, rises even higher.

Pasadena, California.



STRAY NOTES FROM THE FLATHEAD WOODS

BY P. M. SILLOWAY

JUNE 5, 1906.—Today for the first time I heard the singing of the white-crowned sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys*). The songster was sitting in a tall dead pine tree, about midway up on a bare branch, and the song rang out beautifully clear and bell-like, as no other sparrow-song heard in this region. For a moment I felt all the thrill of a new sensation, the charm of a new voice in the woodland chorus. Again and again it rang out, a repeated ripple of plaintive wildwood melody. Finally I annotated it like this: *Wir, dee-dle dee, dee dee*. The first syllable of the song is long drawn out, and the "dee-dle dee" following is remarkably sweet and liquid, vibrant and tinkling with mellowest silvery tone. The closing syllables are more hurried and are obscured.

JUNE 9.—The red-breasted nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*) at times acts like a real flycatcher. Just now one alighted on a tree-trunk near me, and while investigating the bark crevices, twice he flew out from the trunk, captured a flying insect dexterously in the air, and returned to his gleaning on the bole.

Today I saw a chipmunk despoiling the home of an olive-backed thrush. The marauder was sitting on the brim of the nest, and was hastily munching a fresh egg, with a portion of the broken shell lying on the rim of the nest in front of him: A clear case against Mr. Chipmunk.

On this day also, June 9, another white-crowned sparrow was heard singing in a different locality from that where the first was heard, and to determine his real identity this songster was collected. The author of the song was the true white-crowned sparrow, with loreal area as black as possible, and it is fair to assume that this species is making its summer home on the shores of Flathead Lake.

JUNE 11.—A nest of the orange-crowned warbler (*Helminthophila celata*) was found in a little mountain park, in a small ravine directly at the foot of a perpendicular rock-face. The nest was at the foot of a thornbush sprout, sunken in a depression among dried grasses and kinnikinnick or moss, so that it was securely hidden unless discovered by mere chance. The chance was mine, however, and as I brushed against the sprout, out fluttered the sitting female, revealing the nest. She flitted away into the low bushes nearby and there lurked around, uttered an occasional sharp chirp, and finally disappeared without giving me an opportunity of seeing her so as to secure her. I waited near the place until noon, when habit overcame my scientific zeal and I descended the hillside to camp for dinner. In the afternoon I returned to the place, and again the sitting bird flitted away so hurriedly that I could not shoot her. Again I waited and watched as she lurked hidden in the underbrush; but she seemed to know how to keep out of sight; and it was nearly sunset before I secured her for identification.

The nest was made of dried grass stems and weed-bark strippings, and was lined with white horsehair and reddish brown moss stems. The cavity was about 2.60 inches across and 1.40 inches deep. When the nest was removed it was found to be quite loosely constructed, and it fell apart somewhat, losing much of its well rounded and firmly brimmed appearance *in situ*. There were five eggs, perfectly fresh, quite typical of the usually described eggs of this warbler. The male bird was not seen nor heard near the place during the entire day, and no males were singing nearer than a half-mile from the place.

JUNE 12.—A troop of Cassin purple finches (*Carpodacus cassinii*) was active on a hillside in a small mountain park. There were both males and females, the former in song. The birds were working mostly on the ground and among the bushes. There were so many individuals in the flock, and the occurrence seemed so unusual, that I took it to be a part of a migration movement. As I wandered over the mountain slope the birds kept flying up at my feet in a way that led me to fancy that the brush was full of nesting birds.

JUNE 15.—A nest of Richardson grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus richardsoni*) was found on a bushy hillside, a rocky slope that had been burned over in former years. The site was quite near a road that was not in very general use. The nest was in thick dried grass, near a clump of bushes, and was made entirely of the surrounding material. It was unusually open and exposed. The nest was evidently deserted, for the eggs were cold and beginning to fade from continued exposure to the sunshine. There were seven eggs, in which incubation had just begun.

Lewistown, Montana.